Concussion by the_ghostwriter96

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Summary:

Danny- injured from a fight with Vlad- has a concussion. During the night, Vlad pays him a visit and takes advantage of the fact that the doctor said he'd be experiencing memory loss for the next few days.

Not a nice story, read at your own risk.

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Concussion

Couldn't Vlad hear his heart beating? Couldn't he hear it, being so close? Lips on lips, tongue on tongue, kissing in a way that Danny had never kissed before, not even with Sam when they were together. Fingers in Danny's hair, one hand propped up beside Danny's head on the pillow. He *had* to hear it, he had to *feel* it, didn't he? Or the way Danny was struggling to pull air in through his nose without breaking the kiss, or the way his fingers were curled so tightly into the blanket they were trembling. His entire body was trembling.

The fingers left his hair and his head fell back, breaking the kiss and wide, blue eyes looked at the man above him, confused, startled and heated, but mostly just confused. Danny was, at least. Vlad's eyes were heated, too, but they were also *scared* behind his glare. Both of the halfas were out of breath, panting, breaths mingling between them. Vlad's smelled like coffee-breath. Danny's smelled like mouthwash, probably. It was still cold and minty in his throat, at least. That meant he hadn't been asleep long before- before this happened.

Blinking, Danny looked down at their bodies and found that he was… a bit more heated than he'd realized. Vlad hadn't noticed yet, his body kept from crushing Danny's by his knees on either side of the smaller boy, but if he lowered himself any more he'd feel it. Their eyes met again and Vlad's breath had finally begun to steady, though Danny's was still coming out quick and shaky.

Sans the glow of a streetlight, filtering in through closed-blinds, the room was dark. Even so, his eyes were adjusted and he could see Vlad above him, he could see the fear and the borderline anger and the *heat*, god, the way he was looking at Danny right now was obscene in itself. Danny felt his face warming as his brain struggled to catch up with the scene, but it was no use, and his concussion left things fuzzy and ever-confusing. Why did Danny look so scared? Would he know the answer, if he hadn't hit his head?

"You could have *died*." Vlad said, suddenly, and then his forehead was against Danny's and his eyes were closed. "You could have died, I could have lost you." And those words… somehow, despite the

sincerity, the conviction behind them, they made Danny angry for reasons he couldn't place. It was that lost part, the *"I could have lost you."* part that made him angry, and when Vlad tilted his head and lips brushed against his own again, he turned his head away.

"No," He heard himself saying, but his voice sounded far away to his own ears. Far away and messed up, wrong, not like himself. The voice was too small, the word broken in the middle. His head ached, and he remembered the icepack and turned on his side to face his nightstand, effectively pushing Vlad back a little and suddenly he could breathe again. He fumbled with the nightstand, trying to find the icepack but his hand wasn't quite cooperating with his wants, but then the bed shifted and then there was cold, icy and damp on the side of his head and he relaxed.

"You could have died." Vlad said again, softer this time.

"Again." Danny thought out loud, thinking of the first time, thinking of the ghost-portal incident. Then he laughed, and it must have been a little too loud because Vlad pressed his palm- gently- over Danny's lips. Danny twisted, turning his head to get away and the icepack slid onto his pillow. Before he could reach for it, Danny was on his back and Vlad was straddling his hips, holding the pack against his head.

"What does that mean?" Vlad sounded like himself again, and that was comforting, in a way. Danny smiled at him, because he liked the familiarity, because it wasn't as confusing.

"I could have died *again*." He said, and then giggled- quietly, so that Vlad wouldn't touch his mouth again. His lips felt weird, wet-ish and almost numb, like they had kissed too hard. "Because I'm a ghost." He said, and then giggled some more.

Vlad didn't say anything, just hardened his expression and tightened his grip on the icepack. Then he turned away, swallowing audibly, and Danny… didn't like the way he looked so upset. The way he looked so… *guilty*. The word clicked, jogging Danny's memory. The concussion, Vlad felt guilty over the concussion. They'd been fighting like always, like normal, and then Vlad hit Danny and Danny fell and he- he transformed, his ghost powers had failed him, somehow, for some reason, why? And he had hit the ground, head-first, from high

in the air.

He didn't remember much after that. Just… a white ceiling, a man dressed in a white (*a doctor* his mind supplied), his parent's serious, solemn faces, Jazz helping him brush his teeth and pouring him a cup of mouthwash and then… that was it. Had it all been the same day? There were so many black areas, and still, he felt sluggish. His brain was lagging behind. Danny stopped smiling, when he remembered, but Vlad still wasn't looking at him. He was just… holding the icepack in place, and had turned his face away.

Danny opened his mouth, trying to think of something to say, and then it hit him that Vlad had *kissed him*, holy shit. Seriously, what the fuck? "You- kissed me."

"You won't remember. This is a dream." Vlad was looking at him again, his eyes piercing through the darkness and Danny's body was still too hot and his brain was still too slow, but even so, he knew Vlad was lying.

"No." He said again, and then he paused, briefly, before reaching up one hand to touch Vlad's cheek. The hairs along his jaw were scratchy and itchy, but also felt nice somehow. Vlad's eyes widened, and Danny pulled his fingers along his jawline to feel the hairs. He blinked, slowly. He didn't want Vlad to feel bad for what happened. For the concussion- he would be fine when the bruising went down- or for the kiss, although he didn't know why it mattered. He knew, on some level, that Vlad wasn't supposed to be kissing him. He knew that, and yet somehow he wasn't grossed out or angry. He'd blame the concussion, if he remembered this at all. "I'm awake. You woke me up."

When Vlad didn't answer, Danny brought his other hand (the one that wasn't caressing the hairs on the man's chin) to touch the hand that held the icepack, and he smiled again. Uneasily, this time, because Vlad's gaze felt heavy. For a moment, they were still, with Danny blinking slowly and Vlad looking down at him, and Danny's fingers trailing through his well-groomed beard. And then Vlad leaned down again, slowly, his ponytail falling over his shoulder and almost tickling Danny as he got closer. Too close, almost. Just so, so close, and there was Danny's heart again, pounding away, chipping at

his ribs and threatening to break free.

“Um,” Danny managed to get that out, and Vlad paused, only an inch away from pressing their lips together again. “…why…?” He couldn’t seem to form the question fully, but Vlad answered anyway, so he must have known what Danny was trying to say.

“Because I- oh, you won’t remember this anyway, Daniel. I heard the doctor.” There was a hand at his cheek, a thumb stroking across his lips and a gaze heavy and intense falling upon his own. “Does it truly matter?”

“What if I don’t want it?” Danny asked, but his head was starting to ache again and he wasn’t sure what he wanted. He liked the kiss, before. He liked the way it felt, the way it made him feel. The way it made his body warm and the way that Vlad’s tongue tasted, weird and wet and hot but not bad, but he also had a vague sense of unease that he couldn’t quite place. Like something about this was… really bad, really dangerous, like he was getting himself into something he couldn’t get out of.

Vlad froze, his brows drawn together and expression thoughtful, as though considering what Danny had said. Finally, in an exasperated tone, he said, “I won’t *force* you, Daniel, but if you won’t remember regardless won’t you just- let me?” And though he leaned in close, he didn’t kiss Danny again, and the younger halfa stared up at him with wide eyes and his breath began to quicken once again. He didn’t understand this. Any of this. Why was Vlad here, in his room, in the first place? And then, why did he kiss him? And why did Danny like it so much? The feeling of Vlad’s tongue on his tongue, on his lips and on his *teeth* and the feeling of scratchy hairs on his chin.

Vlad had a point, didn’t he? At least, in Danny’s fuzzy, hazy mind, he had a point; Danny wouldn’t remember, right? And Vlad looked so- *sad* and afraid and guilty, but mostly, just *sad* and Danny didn’t want him to look like that. He didn’t want anyone to look like that. He opened his mouth to say it was okay, but turned away when the unease grew because sure, Vlad’s point made sense- didn’t it?- but at the same time, this wasn’t something that should be happening, and Danny knew that. It was just…

So confusing. All of it, and his head hurt on the inside and it hurt on the outside where he'd hit it, and even the backs of his eyes ached so he just closed them, letting out a whine and then a quiet, "I don't understand." because he truly didn't. He didn't understand anything, none of this made sense to him no matter how hard he thought about it. He wasn't even sure what he was feeling, at this point, just uneasy and turned on and tired and *pain*. "Why are you here?"

"I… didn't mean to hurt you." Vlad didn't answer the question (or was that the answer?) but Danny barely registered the fact. Fingers brushed through his hair, pushing it back from his face. "I never- I won't do it again."

"Oh." That was all fine and well, but Danny somehow doubted the statement. They fought, they were enemies, that's what they did- if they didn't have that, if Vlad wasn't trying to hurt Danny and Danny wasn't fighting back, they wouldn't have *anything*. "Okay." He tried, an attempt to change the subject but Vlad didn't seem to get it, didn't seem to understand.

"You do know it was an accident, don't you, Daniel?" Fingers on his cheek, now, a palm pressed there, holding his face and then another on the other side. "That I would never hurt you like this?" But… but he *did*, didn't he? It wasn't on purpose, but he's still the one that did it, so why was he saying he didn't? Danny *couldn't understand* and he was tired of trying to.

"Okay." He said again, and this time he reached behind Vlad, bending his arm behind the man's neck to bring him closer. Close enough that their lips brushed and Vlad breathes against Danny's closed lips, and then they were kissing again, like they'd been before, like Danny had never done until tonight. With tongue.

They stayed that way for a while, with Vlad bent over him, holding his face as they kissed and Danny decided to ignore the confusion and the headache in favor of this- because it felt good. It was such a good feeling, and he wanted more of it. More of Vlad, as strange as that sounded in his head. Danny's other arm joined the first behind Vlad's neck, because he didn't know what else to do with it, and then one of the hands on his face was gone… and then it was smoothing up the skin of his stomach, bunching his shirt up towards his chest

and where had his blankets gone, anyway? It was cold, now. His body was warm, but his skin was cold and he shivered.

“You’re so beautiful.” Vlad breathed against Danny’s cheek and ear once the kiss was broken. “I love you.”

Danny froze, then, because despite his confusion that didn’t sound right. Not in that voice, not in Vlad’s voice, not from *Vlad*, it just *wasn’t right*- was it? He gasped at the feeling of lips on his neck, sucking lightly at his skin, and that was enough of a distraction to pull his thoughts away from the older halfa’s words. He heard a sound that was somewhere between a whimper and a moan as teeth grazed his flesh and fingers moved across his chest. He was fighting the disoriented feeling, trying to stay caught up with what was going on, but it was *hard* and all he was sure about right now was that he liked what Vlad was doing and Vlad wasn’t supposed to be doing it.

He wasn’t supposed to be doing it. Danny wouldn’t remember, so it was okay, right? But… “What if I remember?” Danny asked, keeping his eyes closed because they still ached at the backs. “What if I don’t forget?”

“As though you could possibly hate me more.” Vlad shifted, pulling back a little, one hand still under Danny’s shirt and the other stroking Danny’s face. “And it isn’t as though starting life anew would be difficult, given my abilities.”

“…don’t hate you.” How could he hate him? How could he hate anyone that made him feel this good? But even that aside, he didn’t hate anyone.

Vlad just hummed, and then he was sitting back on Danny’s legs and his lips were on the skin of Danny’s stomach, moving up slowly. “If you remember, you will.” He said, and then began toying with Danny’s chest, playing with him between his lips and with his tongue and Danny’s eyes opened at the feeling. He squirmed, his entire body moved, hands going to curl into Vlad’s hair as the man worked his chest. Why would he hate this? He didn’t know. He didn’t know why Vlad was doing it, either, it didn’t make sense:

Why would someone who went out of their way to hurt him, all the

time, come just to make him feel this good? It didn't make sense, but then, nothing about this was making sense, so that was nothing new. Danny could hear more of those sounds, those high-pitched sounds that didn't seem to be coming from anywhere but when Vlad pressed a hand to his mouth, he realized those sounds were coming from *himself*. He'd never heard himself sound that way before, even when he touched himself. This was so strange, so new, so different.

And then, with one hand still against his lips, muffling his noises, his pajama pants were tugged down at the waistband and he gasped at the cold air on his privates. He let go of Vlad's hair to hide himself, to shield himself because this- this wasn't supposed to be happening- but Vlad was already touching him there, was already stroking him, and Danny gave up and curled his fingers into the bedsheets instead. His hips were moving on their own, and his voice was making sounds all on its own, and Vlad was so quiet, why was he so quiet?

And then Danny was cumming against his stomach, crying out against Vlad's palm as he came harder than he ever had before and at so little, and so quickly, and he felt a pang of embarrassment as his mind flickered back to all the jokes kids made at school about cumming too fast, but Vlad didn't laugh at him, and when Danny met his eyes- panting through his nose and *confused* Vlad's gaze was burning hot.

The hand at his mouth moved away, then, allowing him air and Danny's body was shaking. He watched as Vlad climbed off of him, off the bed and moved to Danny's desk. When he came back, it was with tissues and Danny just watched- feeling more and more uncertain- as Vlad cleaned the cum from his stomach, and then threw them in the wastebasket. He watched, silent, as Vlad adjusted his clothes and then it was like nothing had happened, sans both of them breathing heavily.

"You won't remember this." Vlad said, quietly, softly, and Danny heard himself speak, the way he had been all night, like his own voice was as far away as Vlad's.

"I want to."

Vlad leaned in without saying anything else, and kissed Danny's lips.

Gently, not like before, even when Danny leaned in for more; Vlad only pulled away. “Goodbye, Daniel.”

And then Danny was alone, and confused, and everything felt *so far away*, was any of it real? Was it a dream? Would he remember it, come morning? Would he hate Vlad, the way the man had said he would? Danny closed his eyes as his breathing began to slow, and eventually, he fell asleep.

Author's Note:

I'm kind of ashamed to have written this at all, lol